

IN THIS ISSUE - **THE MASKED MARVEL!**

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Meet The Artist

Who Draws "The Masked Marvel"

BEN THOMPSON was born in Nebraska. His early ambitions certainly covered a lot of territory for, he first wanted to be an airplane pilot, then an explorer, and later a farmer. But, judging from the appearance of his school and library books — with drawings scattered throughout, copied from comic papers — it looks as if even then he was headed for a career as an artist.

During high school, after moving to the State of Washington, Ben landed a job as cub reporter on a morning newspaper. He got this job by drawing a cartoon of a local businessman who the newspaper was accusing of being a swindler. His newspaper job kept him away from home most of the time — which turned out to be very fortunate, as the subject of the cartoon turned out to be a next-door neighbor!

A job on the art staff of a Seattle morning newspaper made it possible for Ben to attend the University of Washington and, later, the Chicago Art Institute. The next few years he spent working on various newspapers, periodically throwing up his job each summer in order to go to the mountains and work as a U. S. Forest Ranger. You should hear him tell about one of those terrifying, devastating forest fires.

Ben arrived in New York a year and a half ago and joined the art staff of a New York daily paper. Recently he has been doing free lance art work. In addition to "The Masked Marvel," he does gag cartoons — his work appearing in Colliers, Click, The New Yorker and other national publications.

Lots of our readers like Ben Thompson's stories on aviation and planes — and there's a good



Ben Thompson

reason. All of his flying stories are accurate because he actually has taken a flying course and is a pilot. At one time he was a member of the U. S. Naval Reserve, so he also knows about boats and cruisers. As a police reporter for a newspaper, he learned a lot about detectives, the way they work, and about F. B. I. "G-Men."

His hobbies are hunting and fishing, mountain climbing, and skiing. He likes to dabble in photography, and has had many pictures published in leading magazines

Uncle Joe
Editor



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The MASKED MARVEL

SUPER SLEUTH

By Ben Thompson

A GANG OF STAMP COUNTERFEITERS HAVE BEEN FLOODING THE MARKET WITH FAKE STAMPS--CAUSING DEALERS AND COLLECTORS ENDLESS WORRY, AS THE STAMPS HAVE BEEN SO WELL MADE IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO DETECT THEM!!

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT COPIES OF MANY PRECIOUS STAMPS HAVE BEEN APPEARING FOR MONTHS, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN UNABLE TO LOCATE THEIR ORIGIN!!

THE MASKED MARVEL AND HIS MEN, ZR, ZY AND ZL, HAVE ENTERED THE HUNT FOR THE CRIMINALS IN AN EFFORT TO BREAK UP THE POWERFUL RING OF COUNTERFEITERS.



DAD JUST TOOK UP STAMP COLLECTING AND IS SURE PROUD OF THIS RARE BADEN STAMP HE BOUGHT LAST WEEK

LET ME SEE IT

BARBARA WILSON, DAUGHTER OF THE WEALTHY J.R. WILSON, ENTERTAINS FRIENDS ON HER FATHER'S YACHT



I'VE DONE QUITE A BIT OF STAMP COLLECTING AND ALWAYS WANTED TO GET A LOOK AT THIS ONE

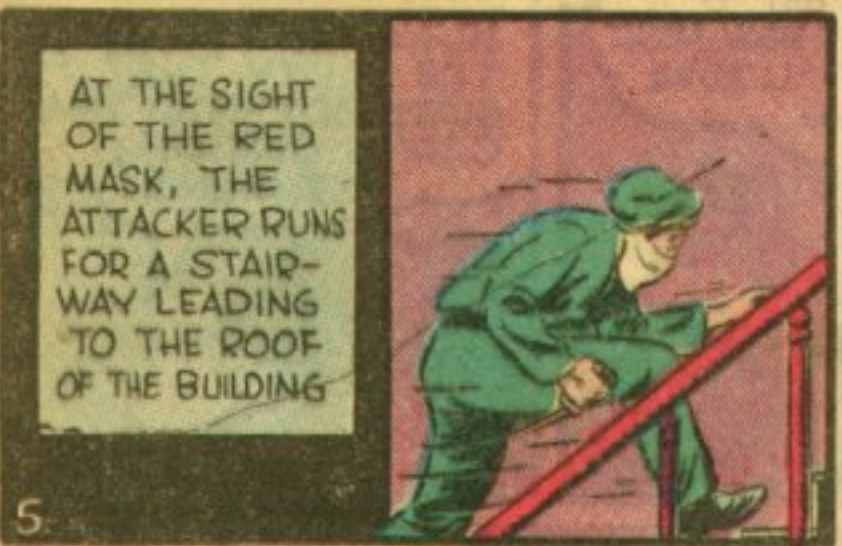
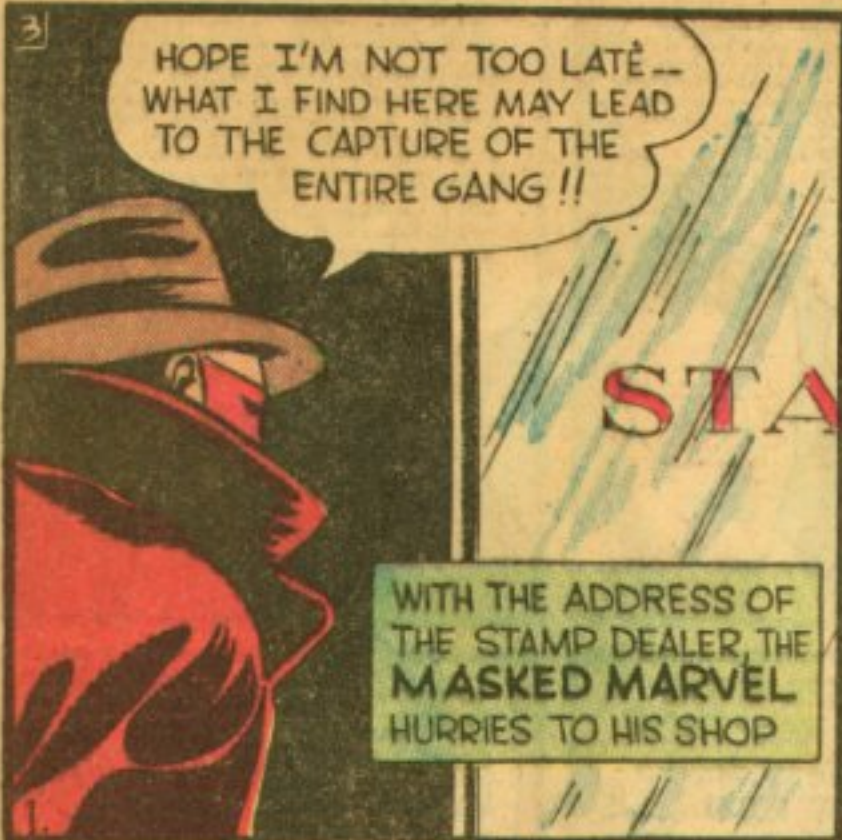
HE PAID A LOT OF MONEY FOR IT--THERE'S ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE THREE OTHERS IN EXISTENCE!



BARBARA-- THIS STAMP IS A FAKE!! IT'S A COUNTERFEIT!

OH-H!!







4 -THAT'S THE STORY, ZR, OF WHAT HAPPENED THIS MORNING. BEFORE I COULD CATCH THE MAN--



--HE FELL TO THE STREET AND WAS KILLED. I HAVE INFORMATION THAT I BELIEVE WILL LEAD US TO THE STAMP COUNTERFEITERS. BUT, WE WILL HAVE TO MOVE CAUTIOUSLY IN ORDER NOT TO FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY!!



ZY AND ZL ARE NOW FLYING HERE FROM THE WEST TO JOIN US. I HAVE PLANS FOR THEM TO TRACE CERTAIN CLUES. I'LL CONTACT THEM NOW AND TELL THEM WHAT TO DO



--THOSE ARE MY INSTRUCTIONS. REPORT TO ME BY RADIO AS SOON AS YOU PICK UP ANY INFORMATION--



WE'LL STAY HERE IN THE CITY UNTIL WE HEAR FROM THEM. WE HAVE WORK TO DO HERE. GET INTO THIS DISGUISE AS SOON AS YOU CAN



RATHER A RIDICULOUS OUTFIT, ZR, BUT IT WILL SERVE OUR PURPOSE WELL!! DISGUISED AS PEDDLERS, WE CAN CARRY OUR SMALL RADIO SETS



I WANT TO WATCH THE ENTRANCE OF THAT BUILDING TO SEE WHO GOES IN AND OUT!!



MY THEORY IS THAT CERTAIN OF THE CROOKS WILL MEET THERE. TO SURPRISE THEM NOW MIGHT MEAN THAT THE LEADER MIGHT ESCAPE

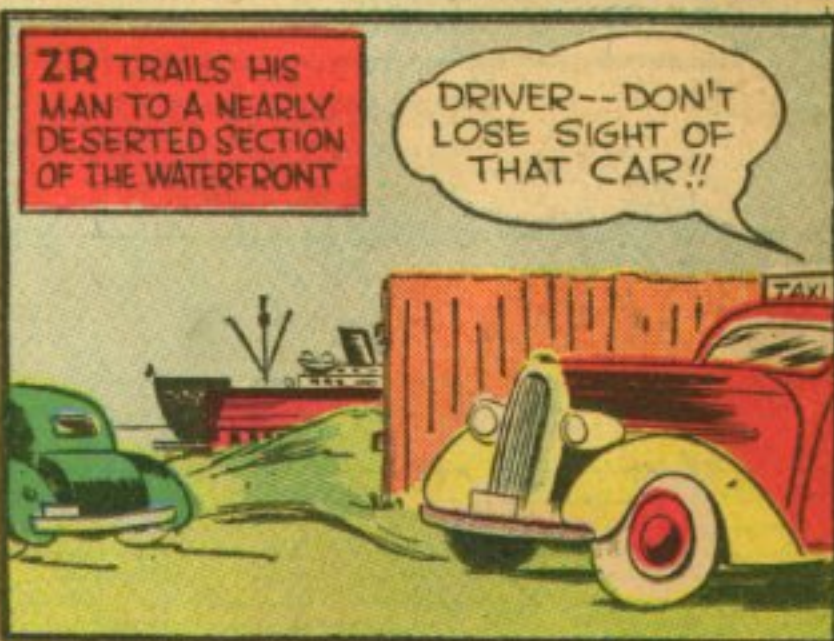


ZR - GRAB A TAXI AND FOLLOW THAT GREEN CAR! MY HUNCH IS THAT THE PARTY THAT JUST GOT INTO THAT CAR IS ONE OF THE GANG!



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE. WE'D BETTER LAND AND LOOK THINGS OVER!

FOLLOWING THEIR INSTRUCTIONS, ZY AND ZL, IN A SWIFT SCOUT PLANE, CIRCLE A FIELD IN A RURAL COMMUNITY NOT MANY MILES FROM THE CITY



ZR TRAILS HIS MAN TO A NEARLY DESERTED SECTION OF THE WATERFRONT

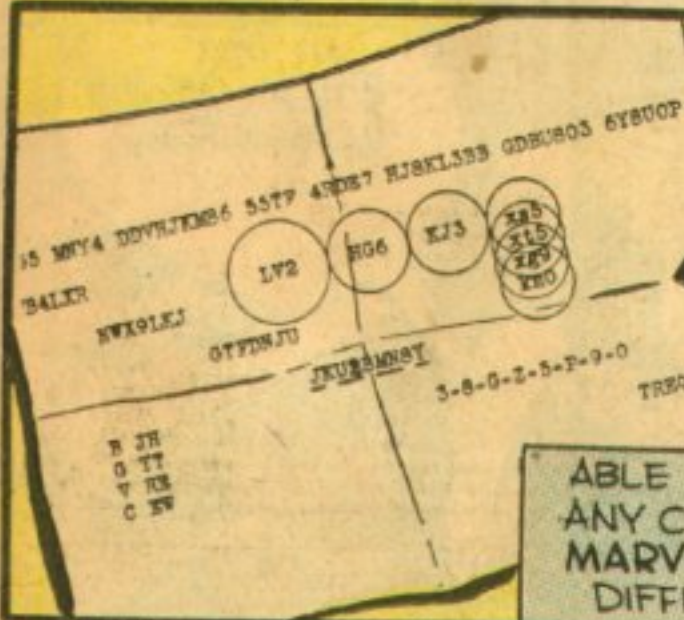
DRIVER--DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF THAT CAR!!

DISGUISED AS A PEDDLER, THE MASKED MARVEL ENTERS AN OLD RAMSHACKLE BUILDING

I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND HERE. THE FELLOW ZR IS FOLLOWING CAME OUT OF THIS PLACE!



WHAT'S ON THIS SCRAP OF PAPER --- LOOKS LIKE A SECRET CODE! LET'S SEE ----- I'LL HAVE TO CONTACT ZR ON THE RADIO AT ONCE!!



THE CODE TRANSLATED

"WILL MEET YOU ON FRIDAY OF THIS WEEK AT USUAL PLACE. HAVE THE GOODS PREPARED FOR TRANSFER TO OCEAN BOAT."

ABLE TO DECIPHER IN A MOMENT ANY CODE KNOWN, THE MASKED MARVEL AT A GLANCE READS THE DIFFICULT CODE MESSAGE

CAN'T SEEM TO GET ZR ON THE RADIO --- UNLESS SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK UP MY SIGNALS!



HE GIVES UP TRYING TO RADIO ZR AND, STEPPING INTO A BARELY FURNISHED ROOM, WHIPS A PICTURE OFF THE WALL AND TURNS THE DIAL OF A SMALL SAFE!



THE MASKED MARVEL OPENS THE SAFE AND QUICKLY POKETS A SMALL ENVELOPE AS SOMEONE ELSE ENTERS THE BUILDING!!



AS TWO MEN, DRESSED LIKE THE TURBANNED FELLOW WHO WAS KILLED, APPROACH, THE MASKED MARVEL HURRIES UP A LADDER LEADING TO A ROOM ON THE NEXT FLOOR!!







7
THROWING OFF HIS DISGUISE, THE MASKED MARVEL WATCHES THE MEN IN THE ROOM BELOW

I THINK ITS ABOUT TIME I BROKE UP THIS PARTY!!



DAZED BY THE SWIFT ATTACK AND HELPLESS AGAINST THE MIGHTY STRENGTH OF THE MASKED MARVEL, THE MEN LIE TERRIFIED ON THE FLOOR!!

WON'T GIVE ME ANY INFORMATION, EH? WELL I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP AND LEAVE YOU HERE FOR THE POLICE!

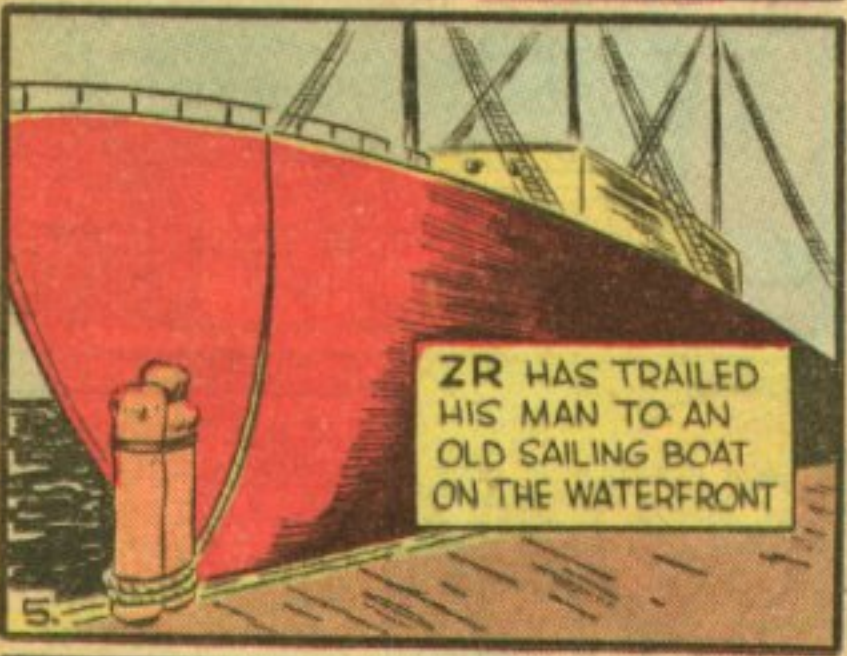


WITHOUT WARNING, HE DIVES THROUGH THE HOLE ONTO THE UNSUSPECTING MEN!



THE MASKED MARVEL, UNABLE TO REACH ZR BY RADIO, SPEEDS AWAY

THERE'LL BE NO FURTHER ACTIVITY AROUND THAT BUILDING--I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ZR!



ZR HAS TRAILED HIS MAN TO AN OLD SAILING BOAT ON THE WATERFRONT



NOW, IF I CAN ONLY SNEAK UP ON THAT CABIN WITHOUT BEING SEEN!!



ALL RIGHT, SANTA CLAUS!! PULL OFF THEM FALSE WHISKERS-- YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' NOBODY!!



IN THERE YOU'LL FIND A LARGE QUANTITY OF FAKE STAMPS. DESTROY THEM! THIS MORNING I FOUND A CODE LETTER AND LEARNED THAT SOMEONE IS COMING HERE SOON TO GET THESE STAMPS FOR SHIPMENT TO EUROPE. CATCH HIM AND TURN ALL OF THESE COUNTERFEITERS OVER TO THE POLICE WITH THEIR WRITTEN CONFESSION!!



LEAVING ZR TO COMPLETE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE COUNTERFEIT STAMPS AND EQUIPMENT, THE MASKED MARVEL GOES TO MEET ZY AND ZL

THERE'S A CHANCE TO GET THE LEADER IF I HURRY!



ZY, THE CHIEF HAS JUST RADIOED THAT HE WILL BE HERE SOON



THE MASKED MARVEL, WITH THE ABILITY TO COVER GREAT DISTANCES QUICKLY, WHICH HAS EVEN BEEN A MYSTERY TO HIS MEN, ARRIVES IN A FEW MINUTES!

HE HAS HAD THEM POSTED AT A SMALL FIELD NEAR THE CITY TO WATCH FOR THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF AN AIRPLANE. AS YET, THE PLANE HAS NOT LANDED.

THERE HASN'T BEEN A SIGN OF THAT PLANE, CHIEF, SINCE WE ARRIVED. BUT, WE FOUND EVIDENCE OF ITS HAVING BEEN HERE RECENTLY

I HEAR A PLANE COMING NOW!



THAT'S IT! QUICK! LET ME HAVE YOUR PLANE, HE'S NOT GOING TO LAND!



THERE'S A BIG THUNDERSTORM COMING UP AND HE'S HEADING RIGHT FOR IT!

THE MASKED MARVEL JUMPS INTO THE FAST SCOUT PLANE TO PURSUE HIS MAN!



HE SAW THIS PLANE LEAVE THE GROUND AND IS GOING TO TRY AND ESCAPE IN THOSE CLOUDS!



THIS PLANE IS SO MUCH FASTER THAN HIS THAT HIS ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE IS BY HIDING IN THOSE CLOUDS!!



AS THE PLANE ENTERS THE STORM CLOUDS A GREAT BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES IT AND THE PILOT IS THROWN OUT OF THE SHIP!



TOO DAZED TO OPEN HIS PARACHUTE, HE PLUNGES TO THE EARTH!



IN THE NEWSPAPERS THAT EVENING!!



THE MASKED MARVEL PAYS ANOTHER VISIT TO THE MILLIONAIRE

SO, YOU SEE, LARRY WAS HEAD OF THE COUNTERFEITERS!! I HAD SUSPECTED HIM, BUT WAS UNABLE TO GET ANY DEFINITE PROOF

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE--- BUT, WHAT ABOUT THE TWO MEN WHO WERE IN MY LIBRARY?



THOSE WERE SERVANTS OF A ONCE RICH ORIENTAL WHO HAD TO SELL THE STAMP AND THEN SENT THEM TO STEAL IT BACK. YOUR STAMP WAS **NOT A FAKE!!** BUT, LARRY WANTED YOU TO THINK SO IN ORDER THAT HE COULD HAVE TIME TO COPY. HE MURDERED THE STAMP DEALER, BECAUSE HE WAS THE ONE MAN THAT COULD EXPOSE HIM!! AND HERE, IN THIS ENVELOPE IS YOUR STAMP, **RETURNED!!**



NEXT MONTH, IN THIS MAGAZINE— MORE OF THE **MASKED MARVEL'S** THRILLING ADVENTURES!!!

CAPTAIN FORSYTH & SERGEANT McLEAN

SPY HUNTERS

by
Field



CAPTAIN FORSYTH HAS RETURNED TO HIS OWN REGIMENT... THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS, STATIONED AT SHANGHAI, CHINA.

HIS COMPANY IS GOING ON GUARD DUTY. SEVERAL SENTRIES HAVE DISAPPEARED THEREFOR EXTRA PRECAUTIONS ARE TAKEN.



POST YOUR MEN, LIEUTENANT, AND TAKE EXTRA PRECAUTIONS. SEND PATROLS AROUND AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.

EARLY IN THE MORNING - BEFORE DAWN, A SHADY FIGURE CREEPS UP TO A SENTRY.



CRACK!

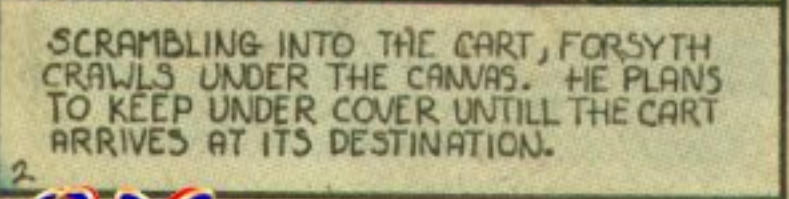
WE'VE LOST A MAN SIR, PRIVATE YATES DISAPPEARED - HE WAS ON POST 'H'



... AND 50 GENTLEMEN - THE ONLY THING THAT WE CAN DO IS TO TAKE EXTRA PRECAUTIONS



A STAFF MEETING IS HELD TO MAKE PLANS TO HALT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MEN.



KEEPING UNDER COVER UNTIL DARK FORSYTH STUDIES THE LAY OUT OF THE BUILDINGS



WHEN IT IS THE DARKEST FORSYTH CRAWLS TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PRISON.

WITH A BIT O'LUCK, I CAN TOSS THIS NOTE AND ROCK RIGHT INTO THAT CLINK.



HEY, LOOK AT THAT, THERE'S A NOTE.



TO MORROW NIGHT THERE WILL BE ~~AN~~ A DISTURBANCE OUT SIDE YOU WHO ARE IN THERE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT AND MEET IN THE JUNGLE TO THE SOUTH OF THE VILLAGE
*For Forsyth
Nov 2 1/4m*



AT THE APPOINTED TIME CAPTAIN FORSYTH FIRES SEVERAL BUILDINGS CAUSING A GREAT DEAL OF EXCITEMENT





AT THE SAME TIME THE MEN PUT THEIR WEIGHT TO THE DOOR AND OVER POWERING THE LONE GUARD THE MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM.



AS ORDERD THEY RUN TOWARDS THE JUNGLE.

ONLY A FEW MEN GET AS FAR AS THE BUSH FROM THERE, THEY WATCH THE FIRE.



NONE OF YOU MEN KNOW JUST WHERE WE ARE. I DONT EITHER. SO I WANT YOU TO PICK A MAN AND HAVE HIM TRY TO GET BACK TO SHANGHAI AND BRING TROOPS HERE.



THAT LEAVES FOUR OF US - WHEN THE FIRE'S STARTED, I GOT TWO RIFLES - AND A BIT OF AMMUNITION - IF WE COULD GET SOME FOOD WE COULD KEEP THESE PEOPLE ENGAGED UNTILL HELP COMES.



THAT CAVE UP THERE WILL MAKE A GOOD FORT. I FOUND A SPRING IN THE REAR.

A QUICK RAID THAT NIGHT RESULTS IN TWO RIFLES AND MORE AMMUNITION.



KEEP AN EYE ON THAT JUNGLE AND IF ANY ONE STICKS THEIR NOSE OUT GIVE JUST ONE WARNING SHOT.



THE POSITION OF THE MEN GETS SERIOUS...



SUDDENLY, A SHARPSHOOTER FIRES--



光公香
用更午外

光

--AND SCORES A HIT!



WELL THEY KNOW WHERE WE ARE... NOW IF THEY ONLY WILL ATTACK AND STAY UNTILL THE FORCES ARRIVE.



OUR PARTY IS NOW UNDER SIEGE... FIRING ONLY WHEN THE NATIVES ATTEMPT TO ADVANCE. THINGS ARE BAD!



A CAVALRY DETACHMENT NEARS THE SCENE OF ACTION...



A SCOUT RETURNING TELLS OF HEARING RIFLE FIRE!

GETTING NO WHERE THE GUE-RILLAS TRY TO LOWER ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS ARMED WITH GRENADES TO BOMB THE CAVE!



SUDDENLY THE ROPE SNAPS.

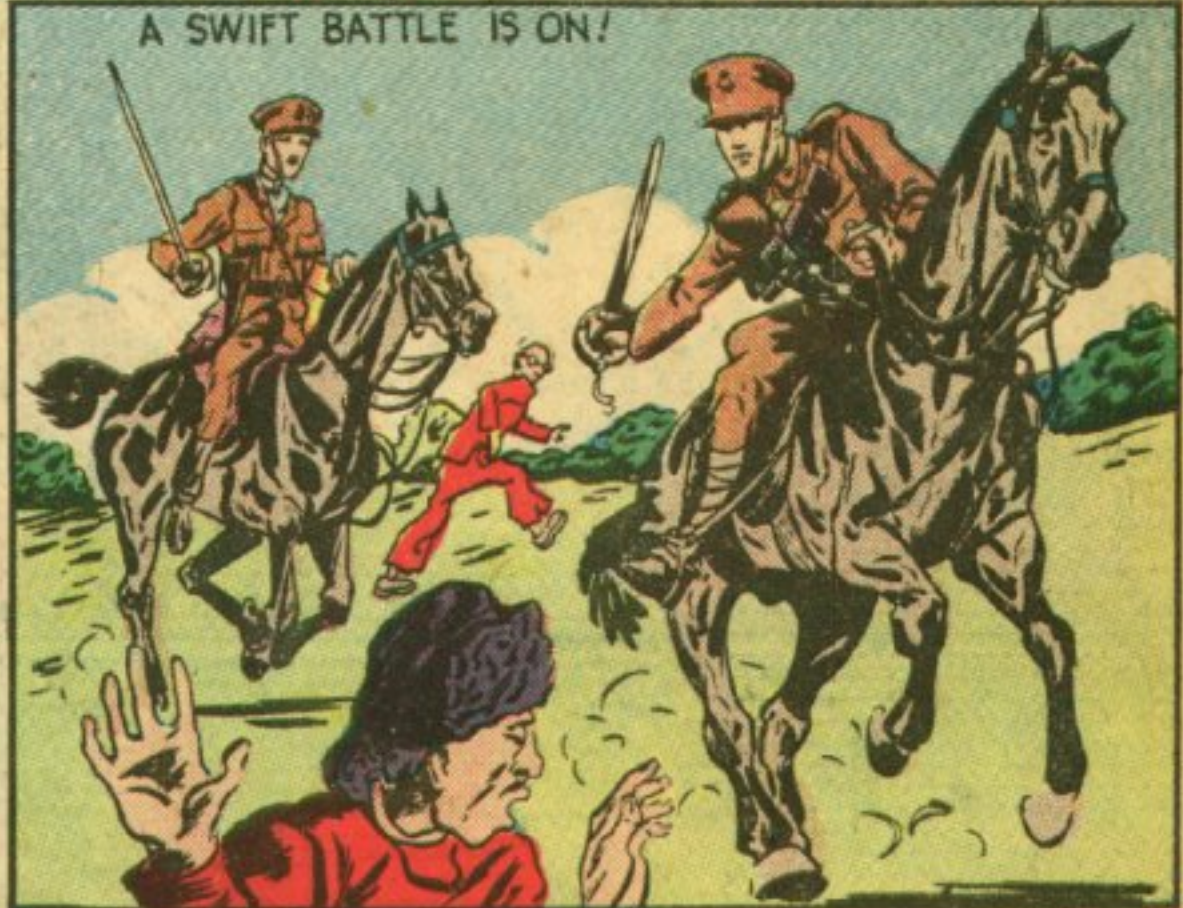


WELL, MORE AMMO--

THERE'S SOME TROOPS!



A SWIFT BATTLE IS ON!



WE WERE SCOUTING AROUND THE COUNTRY-SIDE FOR YOU AND RAN INTO YOUR MESSENGER.



I DON'T THINK THAT WE WILL BE LOSING ANY MORE MEN, SIR. WE BROKE UP THAT GUERRILLA BAND.

WHILE YOU WERE AWAY WE RECEIVED A NOTE FROM THEM DEMANDING ARMS AND AMMUNITION FOR THE LIVES OF OUR MEN.



SWEEPING ALL BEFORE IT THE CAVALRY COMES TO THE RELIEF.

-AND CAPTAIN FORSYTH BRINGS ANOTHER MISSION TO SUCCESSFUL END.

THE NEXT DAY

FINIS

Dan! Ben! I!

by Gilman



INSPECTOR TEAGUE — POLICE HEADQUARTERS ..

INSPECTORS DENNIS AND TICKNER?
FINE! — SHOW THEM RIGHT IN..



GENTLEMEN ..
BE SEATED.



NOW — THE PERL KIDNAP CASE ...
THE BOY, WALTER, WAS SEEN WALKING
HOME FROM SCHOOL — WITH HIM
WERE TWO MEN .. THE CHILD
WAS EATING AN ICE-CREAM
CONE ...



THE ONLY VEHICLE
IN SIGHT WAS A HEARSE ..
BUT THEN THERE'S
NOTHING STRANGE
IN THAT ...



EXCUSE ME,
GENTLEMEN ..

RRRING



WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY ??
WILLIAM T. BOSSERT — THE HEIR
TO THE BOSSERT MILLIONS?
KIDNAPPED !!



WHAT !!

A HEARSE WAS SEEN
PASSING ABOUT FIVE
MINUTES AFTER THE
KIDNAPPING !!





IN A HIDE-OUT, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, DAN DENNIS AND HIS PARTNER, TICK, PATIENTLY WATCH THE TWINS, AS THEY GO TO AND FROM SCHOOL ON THE FIFTH DAY OF WATCHFUL WAITING... DAN SPIES THE TWINS, AS THEY HEAD FOR HOME AT THE USUAL TIME..



THE TWINS TAKE A SHORTCUT THRU THE FIELDS..



FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION A STRANGER APPEARS!

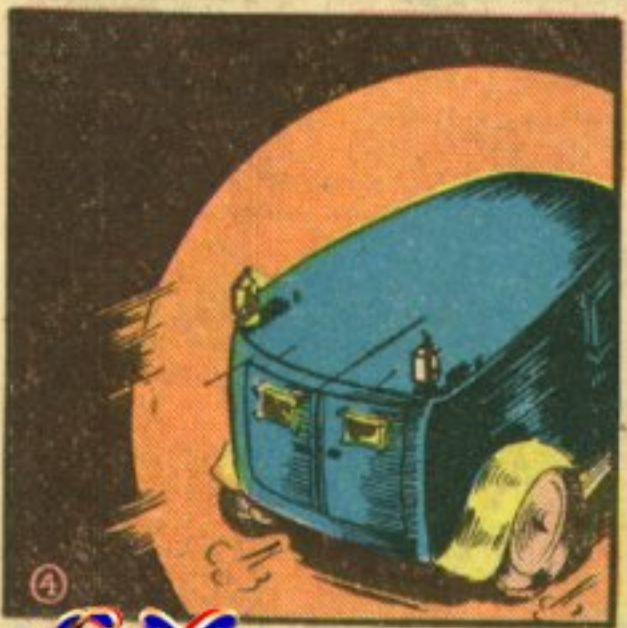


EXCUSE ME GIRLS, C'N YOU TELL ME WHERE CROSBY STREET IS?



A HEARSE APPROACHES AND STOPS NEAR THE TRIO..

DOORS OPEN!! STRONG ARMS REACH OUT AND GRAB ONE OF THE TWINS, AS THE STRANGER FORCES THE OTHER INTO THE HEARSE!! SCREAMS ARE MUFFLED..



TICK! C'MON- WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THAT HEARSE!

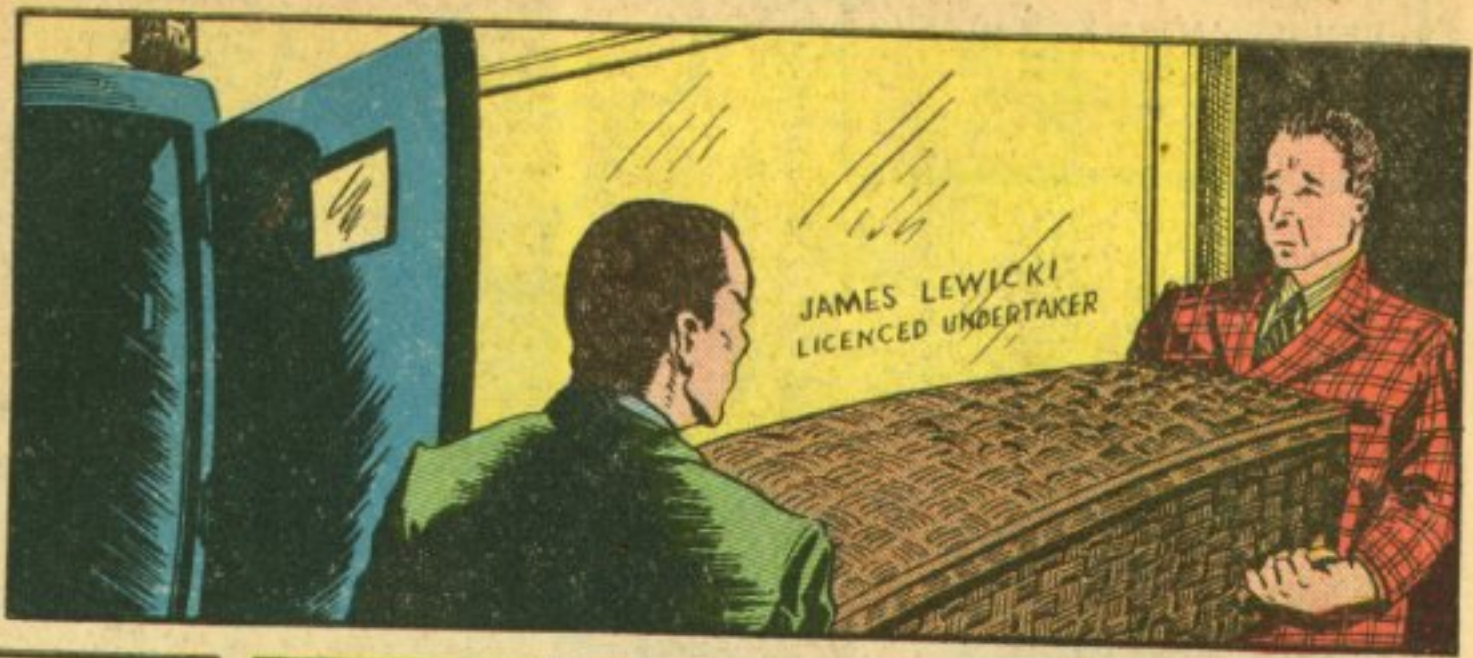


C'MON, DAN- FASTER!

NOPE- I'M GONNA TRAIL 'EM TO THEIR HIDEOUT...

AND SO BEGINS THE PATIENT TASK OF SHADOWING THE HEARSE, AS IT WINDS IN AND OUT OF TRAFFIC- INTO THE HEART OF THE CITY, ROLLS THE HEARSE, WITH DAN JUST TWO BLOCKS BEHIND IT!!

THE HEARSE
FINALLY STOPS...
THE TWO
KIDNAPPERS,
WITH HATS
REMOVED—
LOOKING LIKE REAL
UNDERTAKERS—
OPEN THE REAR
DOORS AND
CARRY, FIRST
ONE BASKET—
THEN THE OTHER
INTO THE
FUNERAL PARLOR.



OKAY, TICK — THAT'S
THE HIDE-OUT... C'MON,
LET'S GO AROUND
THE BACK WAY!



DAN AND TICK
SLIP IN THE BACK
WAY... FEELING
CERTAIN THAT
THE GANG WILL
MEET THAT NITE,
DAN HIDES IN A
COFFIN NEAR
THE TABLE —
A HOLE IS MADE
IN THE LID,
THRU WHICH,
DAN CAN BOTH
SEE AND
BREATHE



TICK GETS HIS
INSTRUCTIONS—
CLOSES THE LID
AND IS OFF...

AFTER WHAT
SEEMED LIKE
YEARS OF
WAITING, THE
GANG ARRIVES.
FROM HIS
HIDING-PLACE,
DAN CAN SEE
AND HEAR ALL
THAT GOES ON.



AND AFTER WE GET THE
MONEY, WE TAKE THE KIDS...



INSIDE THE COFFIN, DAN TRIES
TO KEEP FROM SNEEZING...



BUT CANNOT
HOLD IT!!

THERE'S SOMEONE
IN THAT
COFFIN!!

COME OUT, OR
I'LL FILL THE BOX
WITH LEAD!!



DAN, REALIZING THAT HE IS UP AGAINST IT, DECIDES TO USE HIS VENTRILOQUISM, AS A LAST DESPERATE CHANCE!!

WE GOT YA COVERED!!

STICK 'EM UP!

WE GOT YOU COVERED!



PUT 'EM UP!



THE BLUFF WORKS!! BUT HOW LONG CAN DAN HOLD THE DESPERATE KIDNAPPERS AT BAY? MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS... WILL TICK NEVER GET THERE WITH THE POLICE??? SUDDENLY, DOORS OPEN... AND—



STICK 'EM UP!



HEY TICK LEMME OUT

HEY, DAN'S LOCKED IN THIS CASKET—I'D BETTER OPEN IT...

WAIT A MINUTE, CAPTAIN



I WANNA HAVE SOME FUN

WHERE ARE YOU, DAN?



HERE!

WHERE?



HERE!

THAT'S FUNNY—I CAN'T SEEM...



OH THERE YOU ARE!! STEP RIGHT OUT, MONSIEUR



SAY, WISE GUY—WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?

HA-HA-HA—I THOUGHT YOU WERE THROWIN' YOUR VOICE AGAIN, DAN!

—THE END— GILMAN

"HEY, you guys. Can't you shoot pool without makin' so much racket? Gosh, the noise in this room is enough to wake up the inmates of the morgue in the East Wing! I wanna read."

Doctor James C. Wright, Jr. lounged lazily on the studio couch, one of the better pieces of furniture in the staff room of State Hospital. At the billiard table, four other internes were seriously engaged in a game of pocket billiards.

Having thumbed his weary way slowly through the Medical Journal, he squinted over the top of the magazine and addressed Doctor Lloyd, "What are you ridin' t'night, Ray?" Ray Lloyd kept his eyes glued on the cue-ball and, without turning, answered, "First bus."

"Ha!—no rest for you t'night.—and, oh say, Doctor, don't forget your rubbers!" With that, Doctor Wright, Jr. was off for the staff dining room.

Riding first bus does not contribute much to the happiness of an interne; and riding first bus on a cold, wet night contributes even less. Ray knew this and didn't need anyone to remind him of it. Much less anyone like Jimmie, who was riding second bus that night.

IN the dining room, Jimmie continued ribbing Ray. It seemed that Ray couldn't take it, for it wasn't long before he rose from the table, glared in silence for a few seconds at Jimmie, then finally spoke. "All right, my dear professor, d'you think you'll sleep t'night?"

"Oh, but definitely, my dear colleague," was the immediate response.

"Oh yeah!"—All eyes turned to Ray.—"Tell you what I'll do, wise guy. I'll bet you anything, that you get at least three bus calls t'night."

Had Ray considered the matter carefully, he wouldn't have made so rash a statement. In the first place, anyone working in a hospital knows, that when two ambulances are on all-night duty, the first bus is the one that gets all the calls; the second being pressed into service, only in the absence of the first. Besides, internes don't have money! It was too late now. He had spoken. Even had there been no witnesses in the room, Ray would not have backed out. Yes, he would see it through.

"What are you gonna bet with,—marbles?" queried Jimmie.

Ray thought a moment. He had no money. What to bet?—It was getting late. Time to go on duty. Time—? TIME! That was it! He would bet his brand new timepiece. Swell watch it was too. Birthday present from the girlfriend.

"Okay, I'll bet this watch against—" He scanned Jimmie from head to foot. His eyes rested on a beautiful gold chain, from which was suspended a class key. He could use a chain like that!—"I'll bet this watch against that chain you're wearing."

Jimmie didn't hesitate a split second. "You're on, it's a bet!"



SECOND BUS

By Sam Gilman

HOW To Be An AMATEUR G-MAN

UP TO A FEW YEARS AGO MANY "GANGSTER MOVIES" AND MAGAZINE STORIES ACTUALLY GLORIFIED THE LOW UNSCRUPULOUS MURDERERS WHO MAKE UP THE UNDERWORLD. LATER IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE LIFE OF THE POLICE AND UNDER-COVER MAN IS JUST AS ROMANTIC. THE CRIMINAL IS NO LONGER PORTRAYED AS A MODERN ROBIN HOOD - INSTEAD HE IS HELD UP TO THE PUBLIC AS THE RAT HE REALLY IS. THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF LESSONS IN CRIME DETECTION. IN FUTURE ISSUES WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW THE GOVERNMENT FIGHTS CRIME SCIENTIFICALLY. WE PLAN TO TAKE YOU THROUGH THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION AND SHOW YOU MODERN WAYS G-MEN "GET THEIR MAN"



THE HUMAN SKIN IS COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF TINY LIVE CELLS FAR TOO SMALL FOR THE NAKED EYE TO SEE. IF YOU HAD A VERY POWERFUL MICROSCOPE YOU WOULD NOTICE THAT THE SKIN TISSUE WAS MADE UP OF TWO LAYERS, THE TOP PROTECTIVE SKIN AND THE TRUE SKIN. THE SKIN CELLS ARE CONSTANTLY DYING AND RAPIDLY BEING REPLACED BY NEW CELLS. THE FINGERPRINTS YOU LEAVE WHEN YOU TOUCH AN OBJECT ARE MADE UP OF THE DEAD CELLS WHICH YOUR SKIN CONSTANTLY LOOSES ALSO THE UNSEEN SWEAT WHICH FLOWS THROUGH THE PORES FROM THE SWEAT GLANDS.



BELOW IS A SIMPLE CLASSIFICATION FOR FINGERPRINTS -



- ① - THE LOOP-PRINTS HAVE LOOPS. (YOU WILL NOTICE THAT EACH ONE OF THESE THREE TYPES OF PRINTS CAN BE SEPARATED INTO SMALLER GROUPS.)
- ② - THE ARCH-PRINTS FORM AN ARCH-LIKE SET OF LINES.
- ③ - THE WHORL-PRINTS RUN IN CIRCLES TOWARDS THE CENTER.
- ④ - THE 4TH TYPE DOESN'T FALL IN THE OTHER 3 CLASSIFICATIONS SO IT IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF. IT HAS AN UNUSUAL SHAPE. - BELOW IS ENOUGH SPACE FOR YOUR OWN PRINTS. USE SOME LAMP BLACK OR STOVE SOOT TO MAKE YOUR PRINT.



FINGERPRINTS -

LESSON NO. ONE

A DETECTIVE WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FINGERPRINTS IS ABOUT AS USEFUL AS A 1907 CALENDAR!

CAN FINGERPRINTS BE CHANGED?

No! - MANY CROOKS HAVE GONE TO USELESS TORTURE IN AN EFFORT TO CHANGE THEM - BUT AS SOON AS THE FINGER TIPS HEAL, THE EXACT SAME PRINTS REAPPEAR!



EVEN A BADLY MUTILATED FINGER TIP CAN BE IDENTIFIED! - SO ONCE A MAN GETS HIS PRINTS INTO THE POLICE FILES HE CAN'T HIDE HIS IDENTITY FROM THE POLICE - THIS PROVES THAT

PUT YOUR PRINTS IN THIS SPACE.

CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

SEVEN to seven—twelve long hours of duty. Could those twelve hours go by without Jimmie being called out at least three times? For the first time, Ray began wishing that he would be called out on ambulance calls—lots of them. Oh, not serious ones—stomach-aches, headaches, perhaps a sprained thumb. No, Ray wasn't really mean, but he just couldn't lose that bet. What would Elaine say when she saw that the watch was missing—how would he explain it? Ray reached into his watch pocket, drew out the watch and held it tenderly in both hands. "Gee, I'd hate to lose you to that guy. Gosh, I'd rather see you smashed into a thousand little pieces than to lose you to him."—His mental ramblings were suddenly interrupted by a persistent voice, through the loudspeaker.

"Doctor Lloyd, report for bus call.—Doctor Lloyd, report for bus call.—Doctor Lloyd, —", the voice trailed off as Doctor Raymond Lloyd pocketed his watch, donned his cap and trench-coat and hurried off. Ray climbed into the bus and gave his instructions to the driver. "Now if only Jimmie gets a call, while I'm out," mused Ray, as the ambulance roared through the streets, leaving the piercing scream of the siren in its wake.

The ambulance jolted to a stop at the corner of Waverly Place and Hall Street. A car had skidded up against an El pillar—nobody hurt. Driver shaken up a bit, but nothing serious.

Back at the hospital, Ray handed his report to the night clerk and asked rather anxiously whether there had been any calls while he was out.

The clerk looked up, "Yes, second bus is out on call—auto smash-up. Hey, where're you goin'? I've got another call for you. And say, be careful. Those roads are treacherous t'night. I'm afraid you'll be kept pretty busy."

Ray climbed into the bus. Not so bad, he thought as they started away, only the first hour and Jimmie's already been called out once.

Approaching the hospital, after completing his call, Ray turned excitedly to the driver, "Say, will you look at that. There goes the second bus out on another call.—Well, my dear Doctor Wright, that leaves you with just one more call to make."

Ray was waiting in the staff room when Jimmie came back from his second call. Looking up, he smiled, "What's the matter, Doctor, you look a bit wet."

Jimmie glared at Ray, "Oh yeah? Well that's the last call for me t'night!"

Ray grinned from ear to ear "Mmm.—only eleven hours to go. You might make it. Oh



yes, Doctor, you MIGHT make it."

Along about six in the morning, Ray began to regret that prophecy, for it started to look as though Jimmie might really make it. The second bus had not been pressed into service once, since its last trip at eight o'clock. Six thirty came around much too quickly for Ray. The clock ticked rapidly on. Six thirty-five, six forty, six forty-five—. Suddenly, the loudspeaker broke the silence of the room. At last—a bus call! He might still have a chance—a very slim chance!

LEFT alone in his room, Jimmie looked at the clock and smiled.—Six fifty-five. Five minutes more and the watch would be his. The clock ticked slowly on. All he could hear was the slow monotonous ticking of the clock, as it dragged on, second by second.—HUH? What was that! Jimmie looked up at the loudspeaker. No, it couldn't be! But the loudspeaker kept up its relentless call for Doctor Wright. Jimmie looked first at his watch, then at the big clock. "Damm it! THREE MINUTES TO SEVEN!" Well, there was nothing to do but get going. Hopping into the ambulance, he barked his instructions to the driver. The siren began its eerie wail as the bus sped down Main Street. Approaching Chesnut Street, the bus took a sharp turn to the right and came to a dead halt at the scene of the accident.

Jimmie gasped with amazement. There, in front of them, was State Hospital's first bus, comfortably lodged against a brick wall. Jimmie grabbed his bag and hurried over to the crash. Ray was standing when he came over.

"It's all right, Doctor," he smiled, "no one's hurt."

"Well," grumbled Jimmie, "I guess you win." He reached for his gold chain, unfastened it and reluctantly handed it over to Ray. Ray grasped it eagerly and went for his watch. A look of pain came over his face. Slowly, his hand came up from his watch pocket.—

In it was a handful of shattered watch!!

THE END

GABBY FLYNN

by *Vern*
ERNST

GABBY AND LONGFELLOW ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SPEND A WEEK'S VACATION WITH LONGFELLOW'S UNCLE, HORACE GREELY MACTAVISH JR., EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND COPYBOY OF THE FREE CITY FREE PRESS. WE FIND THEM ON A PLANE BOUND FOR AN AIRPORT NEAR FREE CITY, ARKANSAS!



JUST THINK, GABBY, I HAVEN'T SEEN UNCLE HORACE IN TEN YEARS! WONDER IF HE'S CHANGED?

I DOUBT IF THE OLD BOY HAS CHANGED HIS SOCKS IN THE LAST TEN YEARS... NOT TO MENTION HIS APPEARANCE!

UNCLE HORACE SCORNS SOCKS! THINKS ONLY PLUTOCRATS AND PEOPLE WITH COLD FEET SHOULD WEAR 'EM!



AT ANY RATE I HOPE HE'S AT THE AIRPORT TO MEET US!



FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PLEASE! WE'RE GOING TO LAND!

UNCLE HORACE - WE ARE HERE!!



SPOTTED HIM YET, PAL?

THAT GUY ON THE MULE OVER THERE... LOOKS LIKE UNCLE... HOLY SMOKE! IT'S HIM, GABBY!!





1 WAHL KNOCK ME OVER WI' A DOUBLE FEATURE EFFEN IT AIN'T MAH LONG LOST NEPHEW! IT'S ABOUT TIME YEW GOT HYAR, LADDY!



GLAD TO MEET YOU, SIR! MY NAME IS FLYNN-GABBY FLYNN!

2 FURRINER, EH? DANGED EF LONGFELLER AIN'T GROWED SIDEWISE! CAINT HOLD 'IM LIKE AH USED TEW!



HOW FAR IS FREE CITY FROM HERE, UNCLE?

3 JIST A HOP, SKIP, AN' A THUMP ON THESE HYAR SHIPS O' THA DESERT, LADDY! WHEN THA WIND IS RIGHT AH MAKES IT IN ABOUT TEW CLOCK HOURS!



4 YOU MEAN WE HAVE TO RIDE THOSE...ER...STEEDS ALL THE WAY TO FREE CITY?



5 THET'S RIGHT, LADDY! HIY SLIVER, AWAY!!



AFTER THREE AND ONE HALF HOURS OUR FRIENDS ARRIVE...SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR THE WEAR!

OH WOE! I FEAR I HAVE SAT FOR THE LAST TIME!

PERSONALLY, I THINK WE SHOULD HAVE CARRIED THE MULES!



7 HYAR WE ARE, LADDIES! UN-MULE YORESELVES AN' AH'LL SHOW YEW THA OFFICES O' THA FREE CITY FREE PRESS!



LONGFELLOW TELLS ME YOU HAVE A VERY PRETTY DAUGHTER, SIR!

SHE AIR THA PRETTIEST CRITTER IN THESE HYAR HILLS! THAT REMINDS ME, LADDIES...

NO CREDIT



THE FREE CITY FREE PRESS AIR SPONSORIN' A CONTEST TEW FIND THA PURTIEST GAL IN FREE CITY AN' SUBURBS AN' AH'M MAKIN' YEW TEW LADDIES THA JUDGES!



WOW! THAT SORTA MAKES UP FOR THAT MULE TRIP OUT HERE!

YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED TWO MORE CAPABLE JUDGES OF BEAUTY, SIR!



AH MIGHT ADD THET THIS IS REALLY A CONTEST TEW SETTLE A FEUD BETWEEN THA MACTAVISHES AN' THA MACSTEINS AN' EF YA PICK THA WRONG GAL ONE O' THA LADDIES MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY TAKE A SHOT AT YA! AH WOULDN'T WORRY THOUGH - THEY MISS MOST O' THA TIME! HERE COMES MAH DAUGHTER NOW, LADS!



MAYBELLINE, YO REMEMBER YORE COUSIN LONGFELLER, AN' THIS IS HIS BUDDY, GABBY FLYNN!

YO SHORE HEV FATTENED UP, LONGFELLER - JIST LIKE OUR HAWG, SADIE!



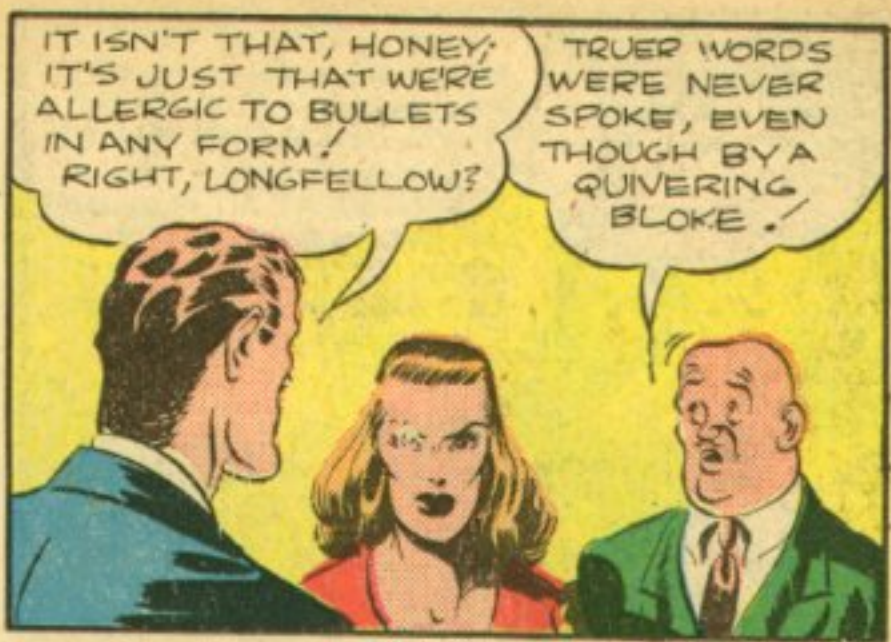
HOW MANY GIRLS ARE GOING TO COMPETE FOR THE TITLE, MAYBELLINE?

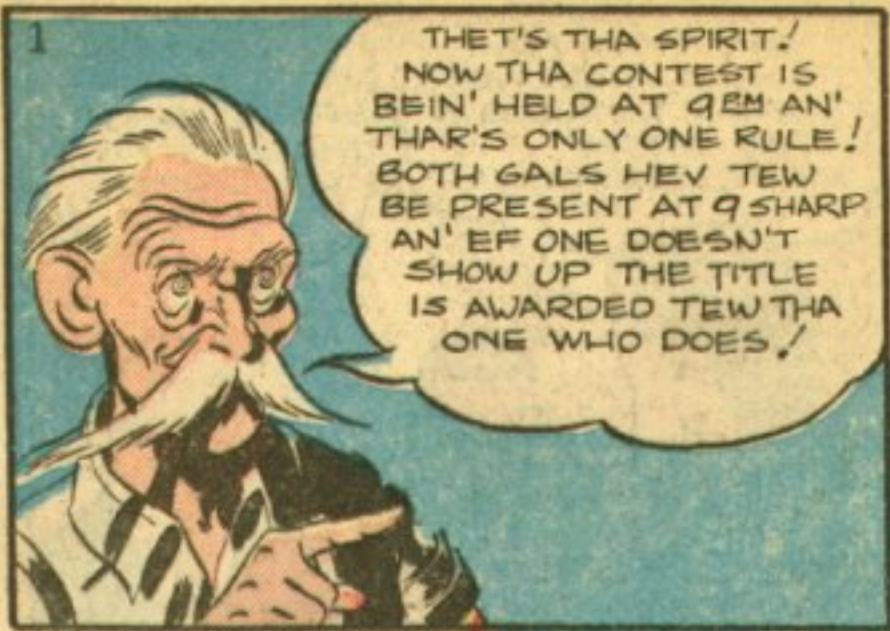
JIST HEDY MACSTEIN AN' MAHSELF, MR FLYNN! PAPPY THOUGHT THAT WOULD MAKE IT EASIER FOR THA JUDGES!



EASIER ON THE JUDGES? ...GULP... IF WE CHOOSE YOU THE MACSTEIN'S WILL PLUG US AND IF WE CHOOSE HEDY...

DON'T FINISH, GABBY; LET'S GRAB THE NEXT AIRPORT-BOUND MULE AND GET OUT OF HERE!





1
THAT'S THA SPIRIT!
NOW THA CONTEST IS
BEIN' HELD AT 9PM AN'
THAR'S ONLY ONE RULE!
BOTH GALS HEV TEW
BE PRESENT AT 9 SHARP
AN' EF ONE DOESN'T
SHOW UP THE TITLE
IS AWARDED TEW THA
ONE WHO DOES!



2 I'LL FIND
MAYBELLINE
AND TELL HER
WE'RE STAYING!

CONTACT AN
UNDERTAKER WHILE
YOU'RE OUT, GABBY!
WE'LL NEED ONE!



3 THAT EVENING...
OH GABBY, AH'M
SO GLAD YO DECIDED
TO STAY! AH COULD
KISS YO!

UP WIF YO
HANDS, FOLKS!



4
FISTS! -NOT
HANDS, PAL!



5
SWEET DREAMS, FURRINER! GRAB THA
GAL, HUNKY, AN' LES GO!



6 HOLY SMOKE! THEY'VE TAKEN
MAYBELLINE... SHE'LL LOSE THAT
CONTEST IF SHE ISN'T AT HOG
HOLLOW BY 9!



7 I'VE GOT TO GET HORACE AND
LONGFELLOW... HEY, WHAT'S THAT...

GABBY HEARS SOMETHING THAT MAKES HIM FLATTEN AGAINST THE SHACK WALL!



1 ... AND THEY KNOCKED THIS FLYNN GUY OUT AN' DROVE OFF WIF MAYBELLINE!

THOSE MACSTEIN BOYS ARE SURE SMART!



2 DROVE OFF, EH! I'LL MAKE THOSE MACSTEIN'S LOOK LIKE SEASONED SISSIES AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH 'EM!



3 HORACE, THE MACSTEIN'S HAVE KIDNAPPED MAYBELLINE BUT I THINK WE CAN GET HER BACK IN TIME FOR THE CONTEST! YOU SAID TWO PEOPLE IN TOWN OWN CARS... WHO ARE THEY?

WHY... HUNKY MACSTEIN OWNS ONE AN' AH OWN! THA OTHER!



4 YOU OWN A CAR AND WE HAD TO RIDE THOSE MULES FROM THE AIRPORT?

SHECKS, LONGFELLER, AH ONLY USES IT ON SUNDAYS AN' HOLYDAYS!



5 HUNKY LIVES OVER IN CRAG HOLLER - THEY MIGHTA TAKEN 'ER THERE!

BRING SOME GUNS AND WE'LL GIVE HUNKY A WARM RECEPTION!



6 WE'RE ALMOST THERE, LADDIES; GET YORE SHOOTIN' IRONS READY!

ALL SET! UNCLE HORACE!



1 GABBY OUTLINES HIS PLAN AND THEN...



ONE MINUTE TO NINE! WE MADE IT! - C'MON, KIDS

SHECKS! THEY'RE HERE, PAW! BETTER GIT YORE SHOOTIN' IRONS READY IN CASE THOSE JEDGES DON'T CHOOSE ME!

BEAU ON!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AFTER CAREFUL CONSIDERATION, WE THE JUDGES AWARD THE HONOR OF BEING THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN FREE CITY TO MISS... MAYBELLINE MACTAVISH!



ERNST



3. PAW! THEY CHOSE HER!

WHY YEW CROOKED CRITTERS! AH'LL BLAST YEW OUTA ARKANSAS!!



4. NOT TODAY, MACSTEIN! GET GOIN' - HORACE!

PAW! THEY'RE GITTIN' AWAY!

YIPPEE!

BE ON!



5. AS MUCH AS AH HATE TEW SEE YEW BOYS GO AH THINK YEW'D BETTER LEAVE TOWN! THA MACSTEINS AIR A ORNERY GROUP!

MAYBE WE CAN VISIT YEW IN YORE TOWN SOMETIME, GABBY?



6. YOU SURE CAN, HONEY! THE BIG CITY IS PRETTY TAME BUT WE'LL SHOW YOU A GOOD TIME!

AND HOW! WE'LL ALL TAKE A NICE LONG RIDE ON A RUSH HOUR SUBWAY TRAIN! - MULES... FOOEY!!

READER, A FINGER-PRINT MAN, TRIES TO CAPTURE A MURDERER NAMED BRONER

MURDER

Prints
by Frolo
PART II CONCLUSION



READER, AFTER KNOCKING OUT A PRIVATE COP OUTSIDE OF BRONER'S ESTATE, TIES HIM UP---

NOW TO GET INTO THE HOUSE

CAN'T GET IN--THIS WINDOW IS LOCKED--

AH! HERE'S MY CHANCE-- SOMEONE IS COMING OUT THE BACK DOOR-- I'VE GOT AN IDEA--

I'LL TOSS THIS STICK OUT INTO THE BUSHES TO DRAW THAT FELLOW'S ATTENTION--

WHAT WUZ DAT?

UGH!

THE TRICK WORKED!



YOU'RE TIED UP NICELY - NOW TO GET INTO THE HOUSE --



I HOPE I COME OUT OF HERE ALIVE -



THERE'S BRONER IN THE LIBRARY TALKING TO A FELLOW GANGSTER H-MMM--

REARER LISTENS QUIETLY IN HIDING...



WHAT ARE YOU WORRYING ABOUT THAT FINGER-PRINT GUY IS CROAKED - NOBODY COULD DIVE OVER THAT BRIDGE AND LIVE



JUST THE SAME WE MUST BE CAREFUL - WE'VE BEEN LUCKY SO FAR -



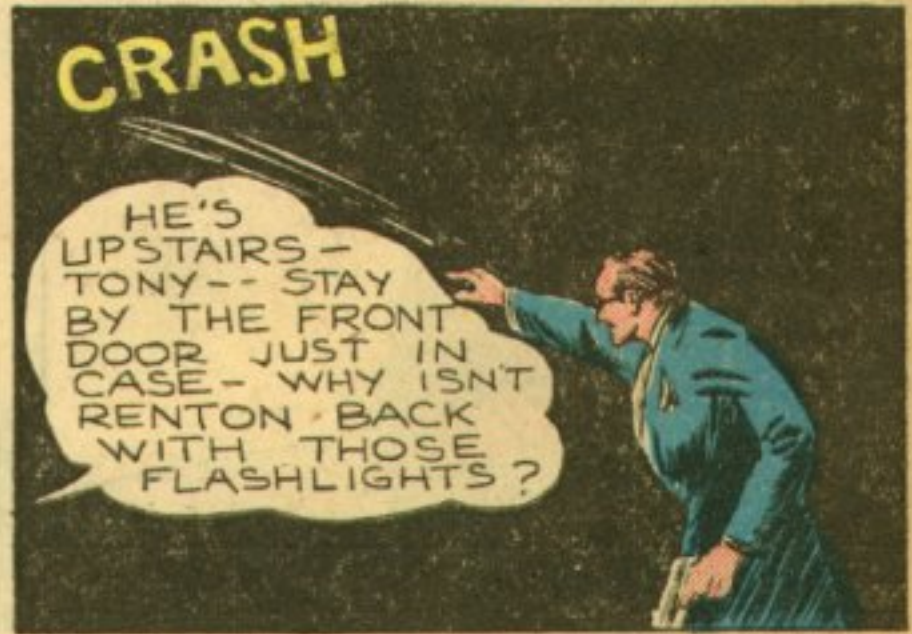
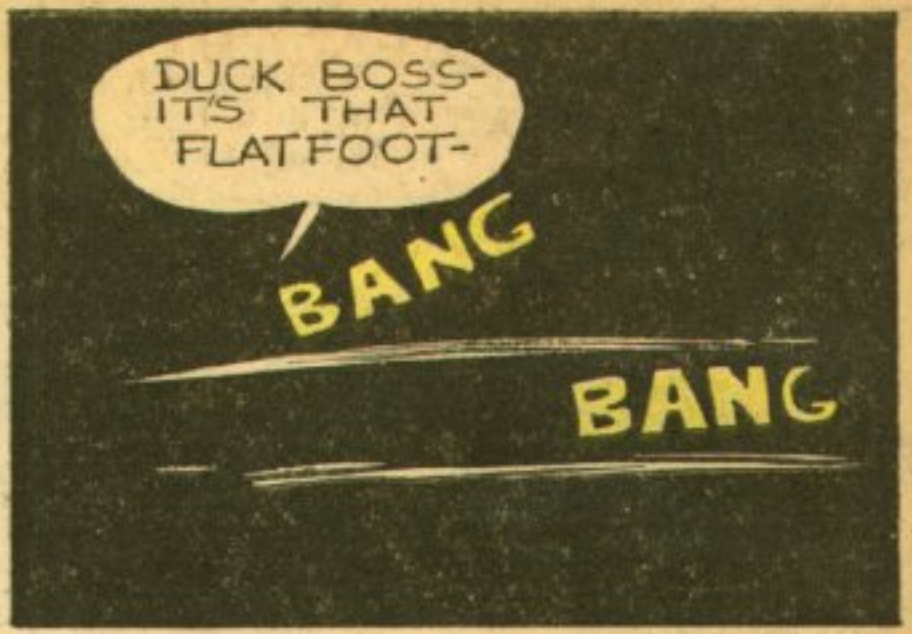
YEAH, UNTIL YOU FORGOT AND TOOK YOUR GLOVES OFF IN CALTON'S OFFICE -



WELL IT'S OVER ANYWAY LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THIS ROCK-LOOK AT HER SPARKLE TWO HUNDRED GRAND WORTH ---



AND THAT SAP CARLTON SENT ALL OVER THE WORLD TO FILL MY ORDER HA-HA-



REARER TRIES HIS BEST TO DIVERT THE GANG'S SCENT!

HE'S DOWN STAIRS - HE FOOLED US -

BANG
BANG



AH - THERE'S A PHONE - IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT -



I THINK THIS WILL CALL THE POLICE - IT'S BETTER THAN TALKING -

BANG
BANG



WOW! NOW I'M IN FOR IT - HERE COMES RENTON WITH THE FLASHLIGHTS -



GOOD SHOT - THAT'LL STOP THE FLASHLIGHTS FOR AWHILE -

BANG



THE RAT CAN'T GET OUT - THE BOYS OUTSIDE ARE COVERING THE DOORS AND WINDOWS - JUST AS SOON AS DAY-LIGHT WE'LL GET HIM -



REARER TRIES ANOTHER TRICK

I'VE GOT AN IDEA - I'LL USE TONY'S EMPTY GUN -

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK



DID YOU HEAR THAT BOSS? HE'S DOWN STAIRS AND HIS GUN IS EMPTY -



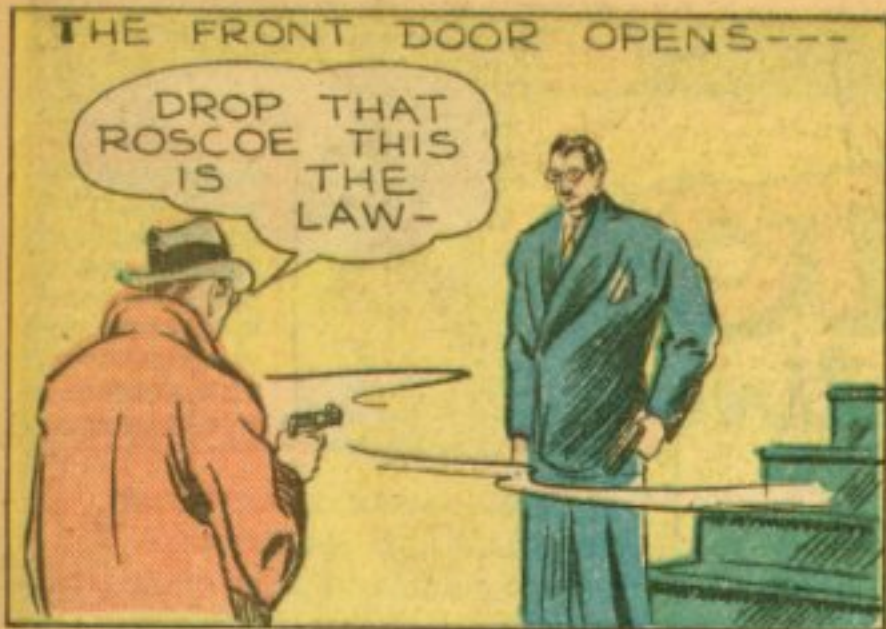


BRONER RISES OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND RACES FOR THE STEPS AS HE REACHES THEM HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS FALLEN FOR A HOAX ---



THE FRONT DOOR OPENS---

DROP THAT ROSCOE THIS IS THE LAW-



IT TOOK YOU LONG ENOUGH TO GET HERE-

WHO ARE YOU?



REARDER - FINGER-PRINT BUREAU - IF YOU'LL LET ME REACH IN MY POCKET I'LL SHOW YOU MY BADGE



IT'S OKAY HARRIS - THIS IS REARDER FROM FINGER-PRINT BUREAU--

OKAY SARGE

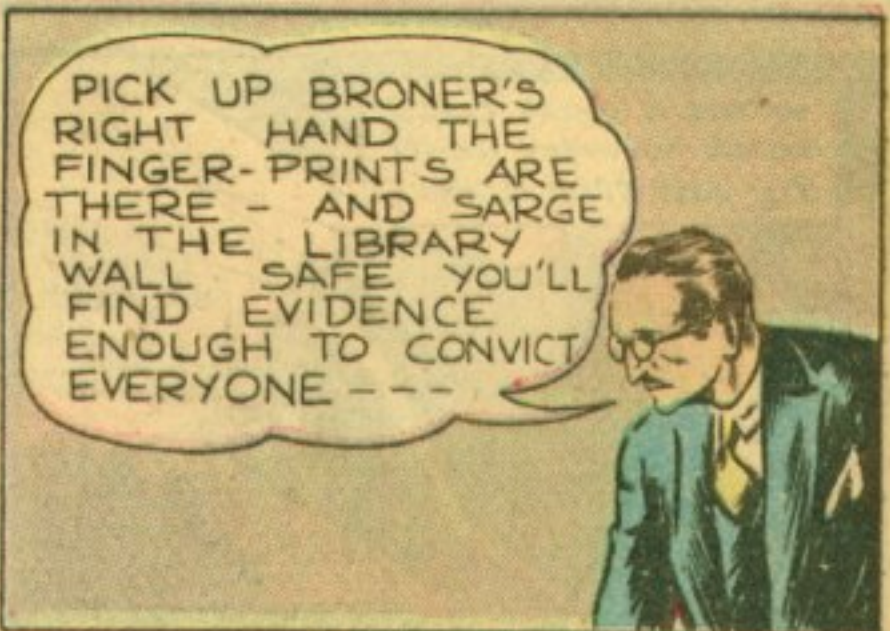


WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHERE ARE THE PRINTS?

I WAS SNATCHED - I GOT A LINE ON THE MEN WHO DID IT, CAME HERE AND GOT INTO A PECK OF TROUBLE



PICK UP BRONER'S RIGHT HAND THE FINGER-PRINTS ARE THERE - AND SARGE IN THE LIBRARY WALL SAFE YOU'LL FIND EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO CONVICT EVERYONE ---



SOON AS YOU GET THAT HOLE IN YOUR ARM PLUGGED UP - I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A CITATION -



THAT WAS THE NICEST JOB I EVER SAW A SINGLE COP HANDLE--

THANKS SARGE-



THE END

DEAN DENTON

scientific detective

THE CASE OF THE WHITE CRUSADERS

DEAN—AMERICA'S FOREMOST VENTRILOQUIST HAS RETIRED FROM THE STAGE TO HELP OTHERS SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS BY SCIENCE.

HE IS BACK IN HOLLYWOOD AFTER THWARTING AN ATTACK ON AMERICA BY THE PAN-ASIAN FLEET.

STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN HOLLYWOOD. ACTORS ARE GIVING AWAY THEIR HOMES AND FORTUNES AND REFUSING TO ACT IN PICTURES.

RUMORS ARE HEARD ABOUT A WEIRD NEW CULT. CAROL, DEAN'S ASSISTANT, IS ACTING STRANGELY.

THERE GOES CAROL, OFF ON ANOTHER OF HER MYSTERIOUS EXPEDITIONS!



BY
HARRY FRANCIS
CAMPBELL.

SO THIS IS WHERE CAROL SNEAKS TO EVERY NIGHT! I'LL JUST TRAIL ALONG!



DEAN, WORRIED, PREPARES TO FOLLOW CAROL.

I WONDER HOW I CAN GET A LOOK INSIDE—AHA! A LIGHT!



HIGH UP ON THE HILLSIDE—A FAINT LIGHT GLOWS—

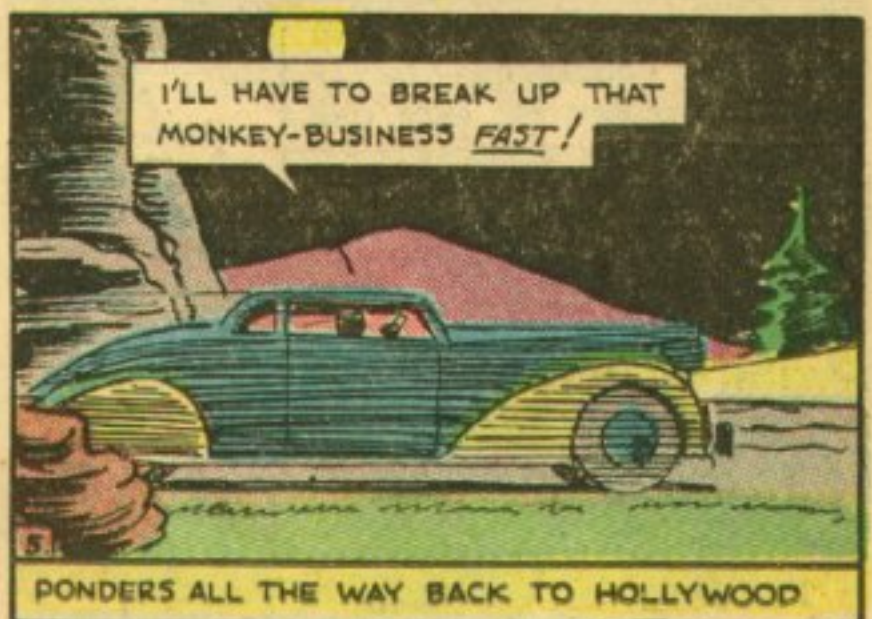
SUCH BUNK! I THOUGHT CAROL HAD MORE SENSE!



WHITE IS ALL COLORS!

ENTER SISTER!

TRAILING CAROL TO A ROCKY HILLSIDE CAVE, DEAN HEARS HER GIVE A MYSTERIOUS COUNTERSIGN!





HERE YOU ARE, CAROL—LISTEN TO THIS BLURB!
"AL STERN, HEAD OF MAMMOTH STUDIOS. YOU MAY
BE HAVING A LITTLE DIFFICULTY WITH YOUR STARS
YOUR CONTRIBUTION OF \$100,000 TO THE WHITE
CRUSADERS WILL BRING YOUR TROUBLES TO AN
END. (SIGNED) THE
MASTER CRUSADER."—
NICE LITTLE BLACKMAIL
GAME YOUR WHITE
MASTER IS PLAYING!



ABSALOM, I'M GOING TO GET THE LOW-DOWN ON
THESE WHITE CRUSADERS!
AH KIN TELL VO' MISTAH
DEAN! THEY IS LIKE
FATHAH SUBLIME BACK
IN HARLEM 'CEPT
THEY'S WHITE, IN-
STEAD OF BLACK!



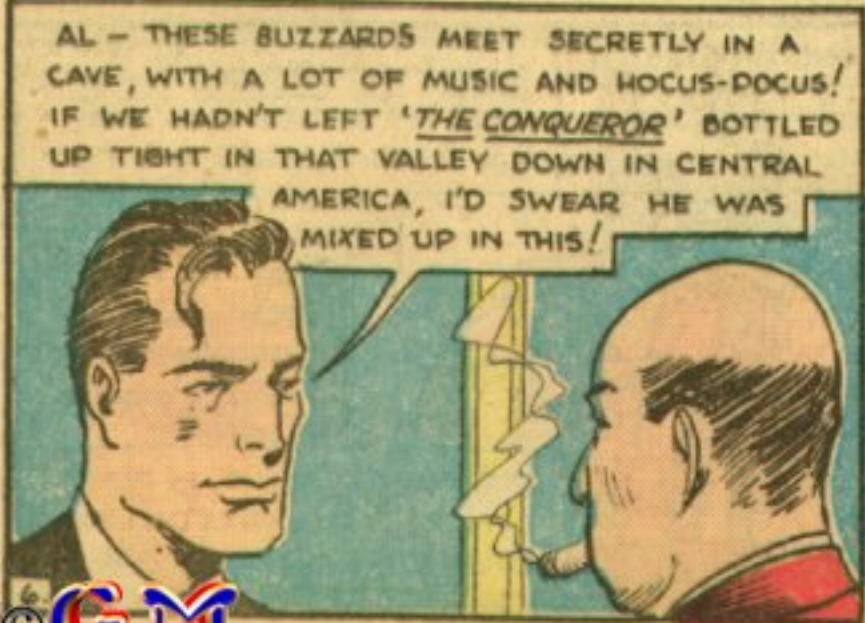
THEY ARE NOT LIKE FATHER
SUBLIME! THEIR GOAL IS PEACE
AND HAPPINESS FOR ALL. HE
SHOWS US VISIONS OF THE
PAST, AND THE FUTURE—AND—
HOW CAN YOU GET
SO EXCITED ABOUT THIS
CALIFORNIA CLAP-TRAP,
CAROL?
MAYBE ALREADY SHE
BELONGS, DEAN!
DEY WOULDN'T
TAKE ME!



CAROL—I KNOW YOU BELONG
TO THE CRUSADERS—YOU'LL
HAVE TO GET ME INTO ONE
OF THE CULT'S
MEETINGS!
I WILL NOT!
THEY DON'T
ALLOW ANY
OUTSIDERS!



OH! I CAN'T STAND
ANY MORE!
LET HER GO, AL!
IT'S BETTER!
WAIT,
CAROL—



AL—THESE BUZZARDS MEET SECRETLY IN A
CAVE, WITH A LOT OF MUSIC AND HOCUS-DOCUS!
IF WE HADN'T LEFT 'THE CONQUEROR' BOTTLED
UP TIGHT IN THAT VALLEY DOWN IN CENTRAL
AMERICA, I'D SWEAR HE WAS
MIXED UP IN THIS!



WHOEVER IT IS, DEAN, I
WANT YOU SHOULD TAKE
THIS \$100,000 TO
HIM FOR ME!
LET IT RIDE A FEW
DAYS, 'AL! I WANT
TO TRY SOMETHING
ELSE
FIRST!



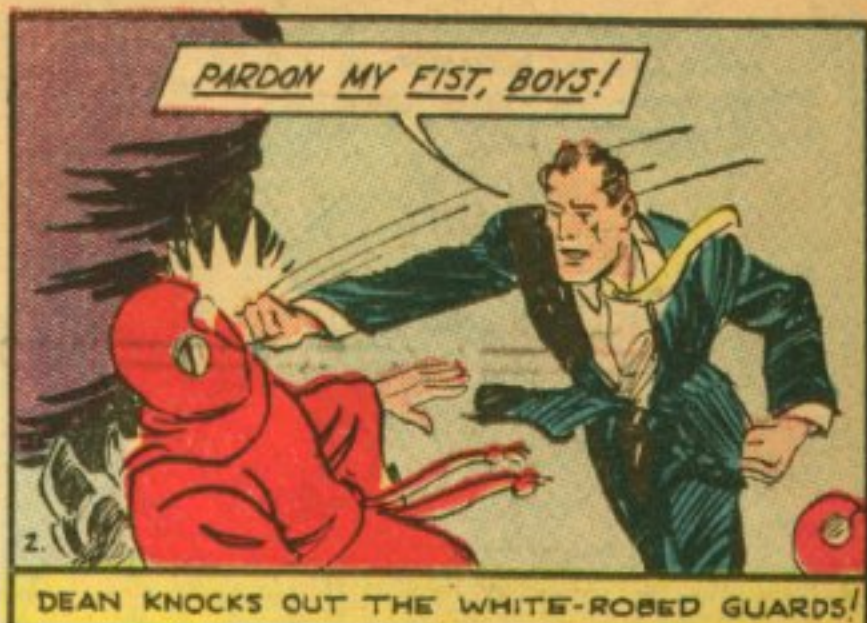
HEAR THE CAROL'S COUNTERSIGN ON THE GUARDS

DISARMED, DEAN RESORTS TO VENTRILOQUISM!



TWO DOWN!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THEIR SURPRISE —



PARDON MY FIST, BOYS!

DEAN KNOCKS OUT THE WHITE-ROBED GUARDS!



THESE EYE-PIECES ARE CERTAINLY A FUNNY TOUCH!

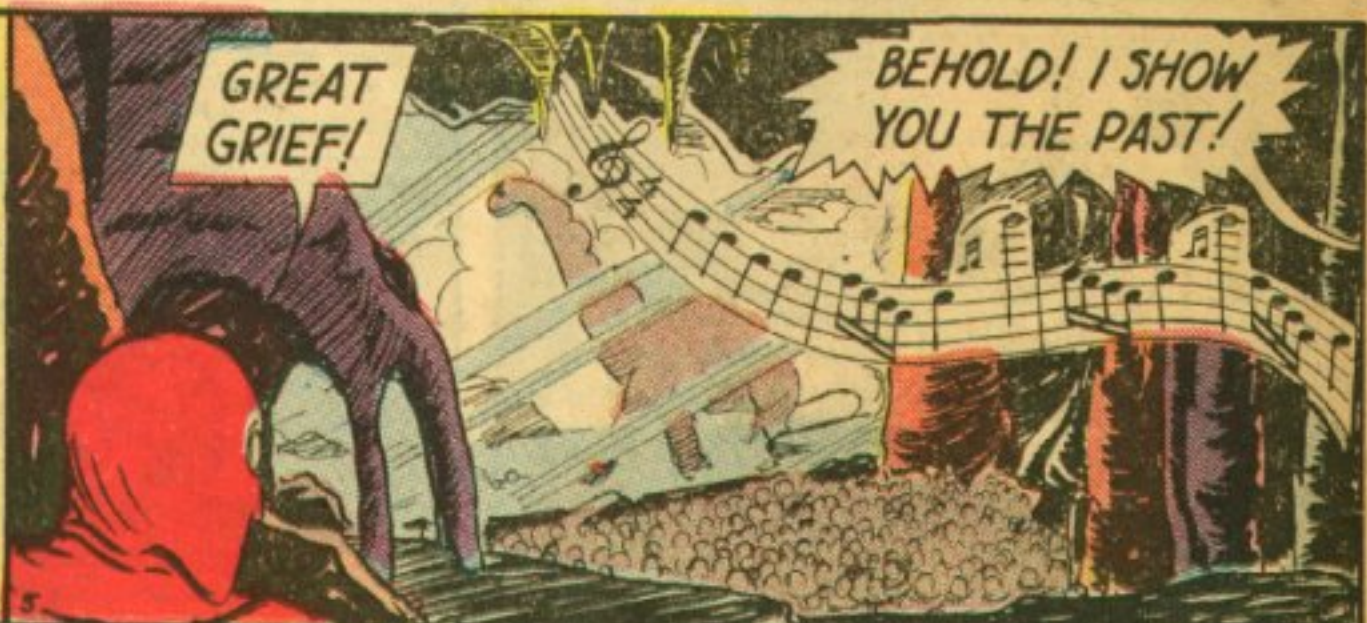
HE QUICKLY STRIPS A GUARD, AND GETS INTO A WHITE CRUSADERS' COSTUME AND HOOD —



SOME POW-WOW! WONDER WHAT THAT BIG SCREEN'S FOR? LOOKS LIKE PLATE-GLASS!

FOLLOWING THE WEIRD ORIENTAL MUSIC, FINDS HIMSELF IN THE HUGE CEREMONIAL CHAMBER

—AS DEAN WATCHED THE GREAT GLASS SCREEN SEEMED TO MELT AWAY—AND IN ITS PLACE, STRANGE, THREE-DIMENSIONAL, PREHISTORIC FIGURES MOVED ABOUT. THE WAILING MUSIC ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER IN PITCH —UNTIL IT REACHED "A" ABOVE "HIGH C"!



GREAT GRIEF!

BEHOLD! I SHOW YOU THE PAST!

THREE-DIMENSIONAL MOVIES! THAT'S THEIR LITTLE GAME, AND POLAROID LENSES IN THESE HOODS I'LL BET A COOKIE!



(EDITOR'S NOTE) THE LATEST THREE DIMENSIONAL MOVIES MUST BE VIEWED THRU GLASSES WITH POLAROID LENSES. AS IN THE OLD "STEREOPTICAN" EACH EYE SEES A DIFFERENT VIEW, MAKING THE PICTURES APPEAR ROUND INSTEAD OF FLAT.

IF THAT MILKY CLOUD BACK OF THE SCREEN WAS WATER VAPOR, AS I SUSPECT, IT WILL BE A CINCH TO BREAK UP THEIR LITTLE SEANCES!



AS DEAN LEAVES THE CAVERN HE HATCHES A SCHEME WHICH WILL EXPOSE THE "WHITE MASTER".





OW! MY HEAD—
WHAT? THE
CONQUEROR!

NONE OTHER, DENTON! HOWEVER
I REGRET THAT AFTER THIS
NIGHT'S CEREMONY, WE MUST
PART— FOREVER!



JUST A LITTLE APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY, DENTON!
THAT DRUM YOU HEAR STARTS AT THE NORMAL
HEARTBEAT AND INCREASES GRADUALLY— MY
'FLOCK' FIND IT MOST EXCITING — IN FACT THEY
BECOME QUITE FRENZIED!

I HOPE YOU GET A
LESSON IN APPLIED SCIENCE
BEFORE THE EVENING'S OVER!

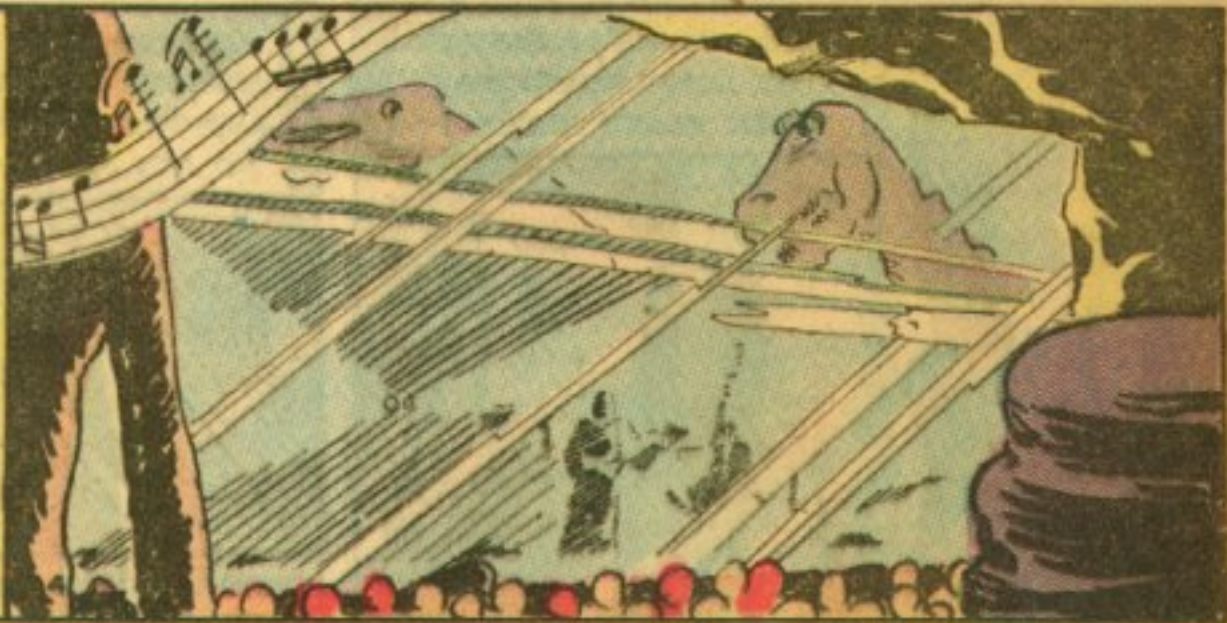


NOW SHOW US THE
FUTURE-MASTER!

2.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SCREEN, WEIRD HYPNOTIC
MUSIC MINGLES WITH THE CHANT OF THE DUPED CROWD.

BEHIND THE SCREEN, DEAN'S
LISTENING EARS STRAIN FOR
A CERTAIN HIGH SHRILL NOTE—
"A" ABOVE "HIGH C"—UPON WHICH
SO MUCH DEPENDS!
SUDDENLY IT SOUNDS—AND THE
MILKY CLOUD CONTAINED IN
THE SCREEN BEGINS TO VANISH!
INSTEAD OF THE MOTION
PICTURES OF THE PAST, THE
CROWD OF WORSHIPPERS SEES
REVEALED THRU THE GLASS —
DEAN — WITH THE CONQUEROR'S
AUTOMATIC AIMED AT HIS HEAD!



LOOK
BEHIND YOU!



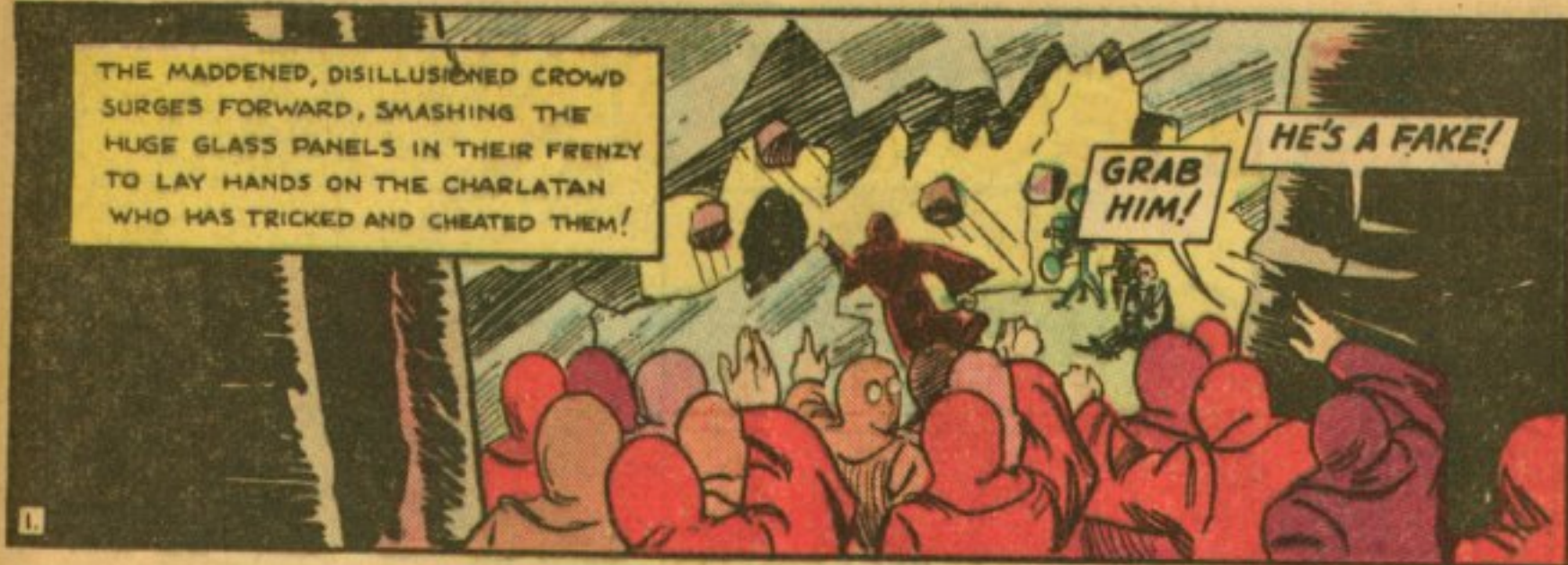
DENTON! THIS
IS YOUR WORK!

6

7

WHIRLING ABOUT, HE FINDS NO CONCEALING SCREEN
OF VAPOR, BUT THE OUTRAGED FACES OF HIS DUPES!

THE MADDENED, DISILLUSIONED CROWD SURGES FORWARD, SMASHING THE HUGE GLASS PANELS IN THEIR FRENZY TO LAY HANDS ON THE CHARLATAN WHO HAS TRICKED AND CHEATED THEM!



HE'S A FAKE!

GRAB HIM!

WHERE DID HE GO?
THE STAR!

THAT WAY!



THE CONQUEROR FLEES INTO A ROCKY TUNNEL

HE GOT AWAY!

THE RAT!

DEAN! DEAN! OH, PLEASE! LET ME THROUGH!



CAROL FIGHTS HER WAY THRU THE ANGRY MOB!

DEAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'VE BEEN SUCH AN AWFUL JAP!

I WILL BE - WHEN I GET THESE HANDCUFFS OFF - AND DON'T FEEL TOO MUCH LIKE A SUCKER! YOU HAD A LOT OF COMPANY!



IT'S WONDERFUL, DEAN! LIKE MAGIC, MY STARS ARE BEHAVING THEMSELVES ONCE MORE! TELL ME, HOW DID YOU DO IT?

I JUST LET THEM SEE BEHIND THE SCENES - IT WAS SIMPLE -



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN DEAN'S LABORATORY -

- I USED THE SAME STUFF WITH WHICH FOG IS CLEARED AT AIRPORTS, CALCIUM CHLORIDE! WHEN THE MUSIC HIT 'HIGH A', IT SHATTERED A THIN GLASS CONTAINER OF CALCIUM CHLORIDE SCATTERING THE POWDER ALL OVER THE INSIDE OF THAT TRICK SCREEN! THE WATER VAPOR CONDENSED AND THAT MOB SAW RIGHT THRU THE GLASS! IF THE CONQUEROR HADN'T DONE 'A HOUDINI' HE WOULD HAVE BEEN TORN TO SHREDS!

8

THE END

DETECTION *otes*



CRIME INDEX IS IMPORTANT AID IN CRIME DETECTION!

THE IMPORTANT WORK OF ASSISTING IN THE DETECTION OF CRIMINALS MAKES THE "MODUS OPERANDI" OR CRIME INDEX FILE LASTINGLY AN ASSET FOR SUCCESS IN THE SUCCESS IN THE WORK OF A DETECTIVE. MOST OF THE MODERN POLICE HEADQUARTERS HAVE A CRIME INDEX THAT CONTAINS NICKNAMES, HABITS, MANNER OF PERFORMING CRIME AND OTHER DATA THAT WILL AID IN THE APPREHENDING OF THOUSANDS OF KNOWN CRIMINALS.



PRIOR TO 1934 SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION WERE NOT AUTHORIZED TO CARRY FIREARMS OR TO MAKE ARRESTS.



DEVELOPMENT OF LATENT FINGERPRINTS!

LABORATORY SLEUTHS, WITH SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, ARE ABLE TO DEVELOP LATENT FINGERPRINTS BY CHEMICAL AND LIGHT PROCESSES EVEN WHEN NO MARKS ARE VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.



WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING CRIMINALS BECOME A ROUTINE PART OF THE N.Y. POLICE PROCEEDURE DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE FAMOUS ROGUES GALLERY WAS ESTABLISHED.



CRIME AVERAGES ARE GREATER IN LARGE CITIES THAN IN SMALLER CITIES OF THE U.S.A.

ACCORDING TO LATE STATISTICS BASED ON THE NUMBER OF OFFENSES PER 1000 INHABITANTS. THE PERCENTAGE OF BANK ROBBERIES AND HOLDUPS ARE NEARLY THREE TIMES THE SIMILAR CRIMES IN SMALL TOWNS.

IT'S HARD TO BEAT-

These

2 TOP-NOTCH FEATURES!

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MYSTERY
FUNNIES** SEPT

Speed CENTAUR

by MALCOLM KILDALE ...

GOOD! WE HAVE
WORK TO DO ...

HE SPEED! WELL I GOT IT.
THE OLD HARNESSE MAKER
HATED TO PART WITH IT
BUT MONEY TALKS!

WE FIND "SPEED CENTAUR"
WRITING IN A CAVE ON HOB NOSE MOUNTAIN
FOR HIS REPORTER PAL "REEL M'COY" ...

HAVE YOU LOCATED THE
HIDEOUT OF THE JACK POTT
GANG ...?

NO, BUT I'VE
TRAILED ONE OF
THE GANG'S TORPEDOES
AND ...

O.K. GIVE ME THE
SCISSORS AND LET'S
GET GOING ON THIS
DISGUISE ...

OUT OF MY WAY
BEFORE I MASH
YOUR HEAD IN
WITH THIS
BAT!

I TOLD YOU THE
BOSS WAGNT IN!

HE'S SO STUPID THAT
I THINK HE'S THE ONE
TO WORK ON HIS
NAME'S JIM DRAWS
-BETTER
KNOWN AS
"DROOPY"

TAKE YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YOU WASHED-UP
CIRCUS KING!

UGH!

HELLO ADAMS—
HAVE A SEAT!
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?

I'LL SHOW YOU IN
ABOUT TEN
SECONDS!

WELL—WHAT
HAVE YOU GOT
TO SAY ABOUT
THIS NOW?

MY, MY—WHAT A
CONCIDENT! IT LOOKS
ALMOST LIKE WE
SAME SHOW
MY-MY!

AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND
NOW!
only 10¢



Keen Detective Funnies v2#9
1938 Series - Centaur, September 1939, coverprice 0.10 , 1 pages.
Format: standard comic

Zoom: 4x 16x

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Cover Credits:

Harry Francis Campbell (Script) Harry Francis Campbell (Pencils) Harry Francis Campbell (Inks)

Cover Feature: interior back cover ad for Amazing Mystery Funnies v2#9 (full-page)

Indexer notes:

fact page

This series has been indexed by

Lee Randall (R.I.P.)

Lou Mougín

Tim Cotrill .

Stories/features:

1. *No title given or indexed*
2. Spy Hunters
3. *No title given or indexed*
4. How to Be An Amateur G-Man
5. Second Bus
6. *No title given or indexed*
7. Murder Prints- conclusion
8. Case of the White Crusaders
9. Detection Notes
10. *No title given or indexed*

Series info

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No title given or indexed

(Sequence 1 , 10 pages

Feature Story: Masked Marvel

Credits:

Ben Thompson (Script), Ben Thompson (Pencils), Ben Thompson (Inks),

Indexer notes:

vs. stamp counterfeiters

Spy Hunters

(Sequence 2 , 6 pages

Feature Story: Capt. Forsyth & Sgt. MacLean

Credits:

Lochlan Field (Script), Lochlan Field (Pencils), Lochlan Field (Inks),

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 3 , 6 pages

Feature Story: Dan Dennis- F.B.I.

Credits:

Sam Gilman (Script), Sam Gilman (Pencils), Sam Gilman (Inks),

How to Be An Amateur G-Man

(Sequence 4 , 1 page

Credits:

Fred Wood (Script), Fred Wood (Pencils), Fred Wood (Inks),

Indexer notes:

fact page

Second Bus

(Sequence 5 , 2 pages

Feature Story: text story

Credits:

Sam Gilman (Script), Sam Gilman (Pencils), Sam Gilman (Inks),

No title given or indexed

(Sequence 6 , 8 pages

Feature Story: Gabby Flynn

Credits:
Ken Ernst (Script), Ken Ernst (Pencils), Ken Ernst (Inks),

Murder Prints- conclusion
(Sequence 7 , 6 pages

Credits:
Frank Frollo (Script), Frank Frollo (Pencils), Frank Frollo (Inks),

Case of the White Crusaders
(Sequence 8 , 8 pages
Feature Story: Dean Denton

Credits:
Harry Francis Campbell (Script), Harry Francis Campbell (Pencils), Harry Francis Campbell (Inks),

Indexer notes:
vs. hooded villains

Detection Notes
(Sequence 9 , 1 page
Credits:
? (Script), ? (Pencils), ? (Inks),

Indexer notes:
fact page

No title given or indexed
(Sequence 10
Feature Story: interior back cover ad for Amazing Mystery Funnies v2#9 (full-page)

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